

The vvhole Mape of mans Life.

Or A true description of the uncertainty of Man's frail Life, State
and Endings: very usefull for all people in these Times.
To be sung with the Tune of, *I am but Young and Growing.*

GOD greet me Lord for to begin, No pleading, playing, or yet request;
Man's life to try loadned with sin: will ransom thee; if he arrest:
How weak and frail our lives we Our Bodies in the Grave must lye,
And never thinks upon our end. (spend Our Souls to Heaven or Hell must hie;
The golden world is past and gone, Surely our sins then are forgiven,
Before this age the flood was kown, Or then be depos'd of Heaven;
And since the Flood in Noah's time, But if we be hurl'd down to Hell, (tell
The Silver Age were in her prime. Our Pangs and Plagues, no tongue can
Then Men were wondrous wight and Then have a care and good heed take;
For in that Age men lived long; (strong That thou thy filthy sins forsake,
As Abraham, Methusalem, and Noah Pleasures are vain we daily see,
Which God's most holy word doth show Rememb'r then that thou must die;
Daniel foretold this Letter Age, Live ye to thirty or forty three,
And Pens it forth in Words most sage; Fifty is the most and then we die;
The world from Silver is turn'd to Brass Though in Years we wax, yet do we wain
From Brass to Iron shall they pass. And to Childishness returns again:
And then from Dross to Dust and Clay, Perhaps grows blind or deaff,
Worse and worse from day to day; Weak, crooked, or lame, yea on the Earth
They shall grow weak and not endure We can hardly either stand or go,
Our lives unconstant and unsure, Such misery man's born unto,
Conceiv'd in sin, and iniquity, Learn not to live, but learn to die,
Born we are to misery, And think thy ending day draws ne,
Subject to gripping Grief and Pain, Remember death but do not fear,
In Care and Wo we do remain. Most sure it is we're strangers here.
Sicknes and sorrow still we find, Death is to us a Messengers
Disca'd in Body, Distrest in Mind, And when he comes he will not spare;
Plung'd in this Gulf, and lack of Lust, The Rich the Poor the Youngs nor Olds
Forgetting we must come to Dust. Must all perforce consume in Mould.
Some remember seldom or never, Wert thou so wise as Solomon,
That from this life we must disleave, Or yet had the strength of Sampson
And when no longer they can live, The carved works or Cresus stores
Cries Lord Jesus our sins relive. Or Lazarus-like to live so poor;
O Man in thy prosperity, Or Divis likes to trust in wealths
weigh with thy self adversity. Fond fool thou dost deceive thy selfs
Remembr Man what thou hast beens Trust in the Lords for Mercy crys
And what thou hast heard knows or Remember man that thou must dye;
Were thou a King or Emperours (seens How soons how sudden, where and
Or yet a bloody Conquerour; It is unknown to mortal men; (when?
A Nobles or Ignobles of what degree Whether by night, or yet by day,
Gentle or Sempes we must all die. When Death doth come there's no delay
A Viscount, Barons or a Lairds But fast away we all must passe
A Duke, a Marquess, or a Lord; Like fading flowers, and withering grass
A Gentleman, or a Squyr by Birth, Pilgrims all remain we here
The poorest Beggar that lives on Earth: Heaven is our home, God send us there
Ther's no respect of persons hads Now since we know sure what we are,
With Death who kills both good and bad Let us Repentance then prepare
The proud, the meek, the sick, the whole Here is no present help for us
In Mould consumed must be all. But our dear Saviour of Bliss,
Throughout the whole Circle of Earth's Forgive us Lords who art aboves
Every place is his abodes (Glob And love us with thy tender Love;
He is no Serjant takes no Fees That we thy Servants still may bes
No Gifts no Bribes will set thee free. To serve Thee to Eternitie.

F I N I S